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FROM THE PUBLISHERS

— 70 —

MRS. P. CARPENTER.

Swinging, swinging all day long

THE SONG OF THE

Old Hall Clock

SOLO & CHORUS

by

WURZEL

Hammer, Eng.

NEW YORK.

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"SWINGING, SWINGING ALL DAY LONG"

(THE SONG OF THE OLD HALL CLOCK)

SOLO & CHORUS

BY WURZEL.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a whole rest and a bass staff with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system introduces the vocal melody in the treble staff, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are for two parts: I. and II.

I. A - ges long have pass'd and gone While I've hung a - lone up - on the
II. Neath the Old Oak's rus - tic shade Oft in hap - py in - o - cence the

wall so strong; Mark - ing still the hours that glide,
 young have play'd; And these an - cient walls have rung,

(Repeat from here after each verse.)

In the old neglect - ed cor - ner where I hide. Here have joy - ous
 With the art - less me - lo - dy by child - ren sung. Hap - py, hap - py

words been told, Here have youth - ful forms grown old;
 days of yore, Van - ish'd to re - turn no more;

Still I sing my cease - less song, Swing - ing all day long.
 Still I sing my cease - less song, Swing - ing all day long.

CHORUS.

Air.

Hap - py hap - py days of yore, Vanished to re - turn no more!

Alto.

Tenor.

Hap - py hap - py days of yore, Vanished to re - turn no more!

Bass.

Piano.

(May end here.)

Still I sing my cease - less song, Sing - ing all day long.

Still I sing - my cease - less song, Sing - ing all day long.

Swinging, swinging, swinging all day long.

Swinging, swinging, swinging all day long.

III. When the win - ter's night was drear, Fond de-light and gen - tle peace still lin - ger'd here,
 For the storm, tho' wild its mirth Could not reach the qui - et home, the so - cial hearth.

IV. Here hath love in ac - cents gay, Breath'd in soft - ly winning tones his cap - tive lay,
 And the list'n - ing maid - en's cheek Wore 'a flush that told the thought she dared not speak

V. Thus have a - ges past and gone, While I've hung a - lone up - on the wall so strong,
 And the young and joy - ous sleep In the si - lent grave where love and mem' - ry weep.

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